

The Historie of

Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falst. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Falst. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy time:
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomi
the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: yet youth, the more
it is wasted the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? Shall the
blessed sonne of heauen prouue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many
in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers
doe repoite) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepest:
for Harry, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not
in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also:
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy
company, but I know not his name.

Prince What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to three score, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaf*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes: if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaf*,
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughtie
varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Henrie the

Prince Dost thou speake like
and ile play my father.

Falst. Depose me; if thou
cally both in worde and matter
rabbet sucker, or a Poulsters Har

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And here I stand, iudg

Prince Now, Harry, whene

Falst. My noble Lord, from

Prince The complaints I he

Falst. Zblood my Lord, they
yong Prince Ifaith.

Prince Swarest thou, vngraci
on me, thou art violently carriec
uell haunts thee, in the likenesse
is thy companion: why dost th
humours, that boulding hutch of
of dropsies, that huge bombard
guts, that roasted Manningtree C
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray i
vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he g
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but t
in cunning, but in craft? wherein
villanous, but in all things? whe

Falst. I would your grace w
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhor
stalffe, that old white bearded S

Fal. My Lord, the man I kno

Prince I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say, I know mo
were to say more then I know: t
tie, his white haire doe witnesse
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vt
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if
thē many an old host that I kno
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine ar
banish Peto, banish Bardol, b